

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWARVEST FLOWERS BRIM'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLLD WITH CARE."

11-VOL. XXIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1851

1163.

## THE CASTLE OF MONTALBERT;

OR,

### THE FATAL PREDICTION.

THE inhabitants of the Castle of Montalbert had retired to their respective apartments, ere the midnight bell tolled the midnight hour. Elizabeth, amidst the heavy lengthened notes, and with a palpitating heart, stole from her chamber, first ascertaining, that her attendant, Lisa, was in a profound sleep. Anxious to meet her expecting husband, she descended the spiral staircase with a light and cautious step, unlocked the postern gate, and entered the road. Looking back over the gloomy pile she had passed, she had the satisfaction to find that every light was extinguished within the castle. The moon emerged from her obscurity with grateful, and lighted the agitated Eliza on her way to the hotel where Julian awaited her. "You must be almost frozen in this place," said Lisa. "I am already shivering. I have a comfortable fire in my apartment you may rely upon." Julian threw his arm round her waist, and accompanied her back to the castle. As they passed the grand portal, a pale light shone through one of the upper windows. Eliza started. "I thought all were asleep for the night. That gallery leads to my apartment; what can induce any one to be there at this hour? The bell at that moment struck one, and the light was extinguished. I was seized, and endeavored to seem gay, vain, to reassure her lover, who would have chosen to his miserable hotel, rather than expose her to the risk of detection. "We have nothing to fear," cried she, with increasing confidence. "The Baroness is indisposed, and sleeps in a distant apartment; perhaps my father has been to inquire how she is. At any rate that suite of rooms is so remote from those below, that we need feel no alarm." She had scarce spoke, when a shadow passed along the wall which both distinctly perceived; though neither knew whether it was that of man or woman. They halted in breathless trepidation. Julian felt his hand upon his sword; but a motion from Eliza checked his impetuosity, as she pointed to the tall trees on the other side of the park, where the shade slowly glided into a dense avenue, and then totally disappeared. "Those beams now fell upon the face of Eliza; she shrank pale with terror, her quivering, white lips fell motionless by her side. "Lisa, my love, look up," cried the agonized girl, "strive against this weakness. A moment's delay may prove our ruin. Let me go in security, before I go to explore this mystery." "Leave me, Julian!" exclaimed Lisa. "Ah, could you leave me in this dread, alone of alarm? Rather let us leave our fate to the die of terror, if you abandon me now." They had by this time reached Eliza's apartment; the lamp was burning on the table; Rosalind slept soundly; and the cheerful fire burning in the chimney, revived their sinking

spirits, enabling them to discourse tranquilly of their present situation and future prospects. "I fear, Julian, we have done very wrong," said Eliza, dejectedly. "In marrying without my father's consent. Should I never succeed in removing his cruel prejudices, not even your love will preserve me from wretchedness. Hope and your ardent assurances, may flatter my senses but reason calls my glowing fancy with the recollection of my disobedience."

"Call not our conduct by so harsh a name, my lovely bride," said Julian, pressing her to his heart. "Surely, in the sight of heaven, you are not disobedient. Your father encouraged and sanctioned our love. He took me from orphan into his protection; gratitude to him, and love for his beautiful daughter, were the first sensations which gave value to my existence. He bequeathed our affection with apparent delight."

"You have often promised to tell me your story, Julian. Suppose you amuse me with it now; it will serve to beguile us from melancholy thoughts."

"The recital will poorly repay your curiosity. Eliza: your affection for me can alone render it interesting. A slight recollection remains in my mind, of a venerable looking woman, whom I used to call mother. Our habitation was indifferently furnished; yet we enjoyed all the comforts, and sometimes the luxuries of life. The transactions of one day, as the most important of my little history, is also the freshest in my memory. My mother had desired me to amuse myself with my toys till she returned from market, and on no account to stir from the bed on which she placed me. She had not been gone many minutes, when two strange looking men entered: one of them caught me in his arms; and when I endeavored to cry out, stifled my cries, by grasping my throat brutally; the other opened every drawer and closet, uttering exclamations which I did not understand; and at length having concluded his search, covered me with his cloak, and carried me away in his arms. My little frame was convulsed with agony, and his threats alone made me still my fears. He had placed me before him on a horse, which fled with great swiftness. The unusual fatigue rendered me almost insensible. The man who carried me, often spoke to his companion in a complaining tone, which the other answered with reproaches. A fierce quarrel ensued. At length I distinguished the following words in rotation, which was the only part of their conversation I understood. "Place the heat on the ground, and let us settle the dispute at the sword's point." The Chevalier shall see who serves him best." "I want not to fight," replied the other sullenly: "I only wish the reward to be shared equally." While they were debating, a party of horsemen approached: the villains appeared dismayed. "It would be useless to return," said one of them: "we should be overtaken; let us hide the boy; and let us give them no battle." He immediately dismounted; and placing me behind a hedge, applied a whistle to his lips, the sound of which echoed through the forest; and soon a fresh party of horsemen appeared. He then threw a parcel of

papers into my lap. "Take care of these," said he, "and keep yourself concealed till I come to you." By this time a brisk firing was commenced: the sound terrified me, and I vainly tried to shield myself from the dreadful noise. Disregarding his injunctions, I ran with all my strength from the spot where death seemed to menace me. What few papers my little hands could grasp, I still held fast, nor stopped till, exhausted with fatigue and terror, I sunk down in a public road. It was there I was found by your father, who, passing with his domestics, formed the benevolent design of protecting me, in compassion for my wretched helplessness state. "But the papers," said Lisa: "what did they contain?" "They were letters without any signature. Here they are." Eliza took them, and in the first read these words:

"Good Maud be careful of our dear Julian. Every supply necessary for your pleasures and comfort shall be punctually remitted; he must as yet remain with you; but be cautious, as usual; for should he be discovered, his life will be the forfeit. This will be delivered by a trusty messenger, by whom you may read word if you have any wants or wishes ungratified."

The second ran thus: "Fernando you must set out directly. I cannot join the party to-night; but can depend on your exertions. Leon may attend you. Tell Maud to resign her charge immediately into your hands; but be careful not to delay an unnecessary moment. Should she refuse, force must settle the business."

"This mystery is impenetrable," said Eliza, and conjecture is bewildered. "It is indeed," replied Julian; "for it seems by the contents of those letters, that my very life depends on secrecy; and to the Baron only have I revealed the events I have just related. His kindness has hitherto prevented my feeling the want of parental love. But now, Eliza, how changed are my prospects! Fatal to us was the hour in which he first beheld the beautiful, the haughty Val-ria: she first taught him to treat my humble suit with disdain; for though the Baron, strictly honorable, has never acquainted her with my real story, my being poor and obscure are sufficient crimes in her eyes. Our love was then forbidden. Caprice, not just ice, dictated the mandate, which tormented me a friendless wanderer from the hitherto hospitable Castle of Montalbert. Disdaining this unmerited ignominy, we dared to ratify our vows of love by holy, though secret union; and surely my Eliza, no sin attends on the transgression. Cruel necessity alone compelled us to do it; and though awhile we part, heaven will prosper virtuous affection and crown our reunion with peace and honor."

Eliza shook her head prophetically; and a tear stole down her cheek. "A heavy apprehension at my heart," said she, "tells me that day is far distant. Your profession is full of danger; you may fall or should my father not live to retract his prohibition.—Oh, Julian, a thousand dreadful suggestions fill my fancy. Forgive my fears, and do not doubt my affection; but indeed, I am very wretched." She

leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept bitterly. Julian would have consoled her; but a deep groan caught his attention; and Eliza, too, started at the sound. "Heaven protect us," she exclaimed; "what was that? Nothing, but wind," said Julian, forcing a smile. "Your nerves are weak, & you yield yourself a prey to superstition. Come, come, rally; you would make a coward of a soldier. See how the clouds gather; we shall have a tempest; believe me it was only the wind." "Well, then," said Eliza, "you had better return to the abbey. I will awaken Rosa; her prattle will divert me. Go, go." He plainly perceived that she was fearful of his being discovered in the castle; and, to quiet her, departed. As soon as he was beyond hearing, and her listening ear counted every retreating step, Eliza resumed her domestic. The thunder raged in tremendous peals round the castle; and the vivid lightning gleamed in thro' every crevice of the dilapidated building. Rosa was even more terrified than her mistress, and clung round her for protection. A loud shriek was presently heard; but drowned by such a terrific crash as threatened total destruction to the fabric. Eliza fell on her knees; Rosa sunk beside her; and both remained in fervent prayer, till called to active exertions by the sound of the alarm-bell, which soon roused every servant in the castle. Eliza hastened to her father's chamber, where she beheld him lifeless, disfigured, and bloody; while the Baroness frantically shrieked, tore her hair and called aloud for vengeance on the murderer. The castle was intellectually seared; no assassin could be discovered. Eliza was carried senseless to her apartment, and the Baroness that herself up from the sight of every one. Father Ambrose, the confessor of the neighbouring convent, was sent for; his pious exhortations were the only means of restoring tranquillity to the distracted family; the sanctity of his manners, his active benevolence, humility, and piety, created him many admirers, among whom the Baroness was not the least zealous.

To be Continued.

## VARIETY.

### PLEASURES.

Does any one wish for pleasure? Let them never promise it to themselves, for the more they expect the less they will find. The reason is very plain: a heart which expects enjoyment, measures it by a scale that answers to its desires, but with which the circumstances seldom accord. From which we may conclude, that we should not too much rejoice in hope, if we should enjoy reality: the most agreeable pleasures being, in general those we have least expected.

—♦♦♦—

At a party, lately, in Philadelphia, where Cooke, the performer, was of the company, the following toast was given. "May those who feast on Shakespeare always have well Cooked!" Phil. Cox.

A Doctor lately advised, that he should be happy of an opportunity to attend the public in general, and his friends in particular.

### SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity in all things is the distinctive mark of what is conformable to nature; it is the dress of sentiment, the costume of virtue, the reasoning of wit, the stamp of genius, the type of a superior mind, and the characteristic of a beautiful work.

From the NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

## THE SEAMAN.

When with fierce rage the wild winds roar,  
And screaming frenzy's frantic form,  
Loves' wild the swelling due to pour  
Load dirges on the midnight storm—  
Then vainly thinks the seaman bold,  
While dashing with the rain and cold,  
Oh! had he saved his cash on shore,  
He'd have the faithless deep no more.

And calling to his cheerless mind,  
How blest a husband's lot must be,  
Who sheltered from the howling wind,  
Laughs at the terror of the sea—  
Forms him a place of his own life,  
A small neat cottage—and a wife—  
Resolved to save his cash on shore,  
And trust the faithless deep no more.

But soon the howling blast is over,  
And peace returns her tranquil reign;  
Fair blows the gale—the welcome shroud  
He greets with longing eyes again—  
Clasps his loved Polly in his arms,  
Forges the tempest's wild alarms,  
Spends all his little cash on shore,  
Then guilty trips to sea no more.

D. M. G.

## SONG.

There is a spot where slow decay  
The wreck of former better days—  
Where blasted by neglecting slights,  
A noble ruin waiting fate.  
There is an hour when insects play,  
And flutter in the blaze of day—  
But ah! to count the hallowed bloom  
That sheds its shelter on the tomb.  
There is an hour to sorrow deep  
When fly shed their fondest nest—  
When much is done like the mad old pig,  
And gild its features with a smile.  
The tear of love that seeks to lave  
The soil that hides Misfortune's grave  
Still bleeds the spot where also decays  
The wreck of former, better days!

OSCAR.

## SONG.

When the heart that slowly dies  
Struggles with unbidden sighs,  
Sweet the melting lay that throbs  
Blind of love o'er its woes  
When soft strings that long have bled,  
When chords to pleasure dead,  
Pulse's music softly wails,  
Oh! what rapture soothes our souls!  
Lady, cease— that strain divide  
Mock the bliss that once was mine!  
Lady! such the look she wore:  
Tune thy voice to love no more!  
Lady! quench thy tender love  
From the agonies venomed dart  
Though celestial bliss it brings,  
Oh! how wounding are its stings!  
Tune the magic chords again;  
Friendship all attempt the strain;  
But the reign of love is o'er!  
Tune thy voice to love no more!

OSCAR.

## ACCOMPETENCE IS BEST.

nick damns the world—he's tired of living here  
Because he has but fifty pounds a year.  
Now damns himself with every vice that's found,  
Because he is worth full fifty in the pound;  
He feels the qualms of virtue, reason, sense—  
Because heaven gave him but a competence.

From the (Windsor, Ver.) Washingtonian.

## TAKING THE VEIL.

[The name of Col. Elisha Allen, is familiar to all who are acquainted with the early history of Vermont, and with the first events of the American Revolution. His a fiery, his courage, and his zeal, his genius, and his industry, and his fidelity, all conspired to render him conspicuous. A daughter of his, a well educated, and accomplished young lady, well known in this her native state, took him her head the very same girl (and singular, indeed it was for a *Yankee* girl) to renounce the world, and to become a *Recluse*. Accordingly she repaired to Montreal, where she learnt the French language, became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, entered upon her novitiate, or apprentice-ship, in the convent of St. Anne, or convent of *Black Nuns*, where after three years of preparation and trial, she has now liberally taken the veil; thus voluntarily renouncing kindred, friends, and the world, and like all *recluse* herself alone, within the gloomy walls of a convent. At this unusual ceremony, Miss J.—, of this town, now in Montreal, happened to be present; a circumstance, which, as I have said, could on another occasion, would have happened only to a sentimental *novice*. To her obliging correspondence are indebted for the favor of the following extract, which we think, will be interesting to our readers.]

MONTREAL, March 24.

"I went a few days since to the convent of Black Nuns, to see Miss Allen, who desired to be remembered to you and Papa, and to invite me to go next Monday, and see her *take the veil*. Accordingly I went accompanied with my friends, Miss F.—, and Miss H. of Montpelier; and that we might be there in season, we started at six o'clock in the morning, as the ceremonies were to begin at seven, and being under good, that the Chapel would be very much thronged I knew you would be very anxious to have an accurate description of the *far famed ceremony*; but it is not in my power to give you any thing more than an imperfect outline: For in this is well as their other ceremonies, there is so much that is unintelligible to spectators, (and I should, a notation, give to themselves) that it is impossible to form and much less to give, any adequate idea of this. However I will try.

In the first place you must know, that the *Novice* is separated from that, where the *Novice* is, where spectators are admitted; by a gate which extends from the ceiling over head to the floor, which the *Novice* is in, which is withdrawn at pleasure. To this room I was admitted, as Miss Allen's request, as were several others, that might have a better view of their proceedings. The *Novice* (Miss A.) enters a room, being in her mind, which is fixed to a kind of wall, ornamented with a wealth of flowers, presided by the *Nuns*, carrying each a lighted taper, and chanting a kind of prayer, until they kneel and adore the statue of the *Novice* like a *queen*, in the middle of the aisle, where there is a canopy erected for the purpose. The Priest then says mass; after which there is a sermon. The *Novice* appeared to be quite an orator; but the discourse being in French, it was of course to me unintelligible. But I saw that she pointed the world and its allurements in glowing colors, taking care, however, to cast a dash enough over the piece to give it a *scholarly* and to render its denotations truly hideous. After this a little wicket in the grate, was thrown open, from which the *Novice* knelt and received the sacrament from the High Priest. She then sat down a few paces and prostrated herself upon the earth, and was covered with a Pall supported by four *Nuns*, who knelt beside her, while the Priest read the *Black Nuns* service was the *Nuns*, which was succeeded by a *chant* by the *Nuns*, calling out all the *Holy Virgins* to bless and protect her. She then rose, and walked to the wicket by the *Altar*, where she received a kiss from the Priest, who raised her by pointing to his finger, which she is to keep *fixed* and even then to take with her as a *password* to St. Peter. He then took the *White Veil* from her head, and replaced it with the *Black*, upon which is placed a crown of flowers. These two *Nuns* accompany her into immortality, or rather the *Black* below, for they are to be buried with them on their heads. After this, she walks round her *cell*, trying the top, as before, and salutes each of her

She then took her place next the Supper-table, a solitary (though not unobtrusive) place, where she sat. The curtain in the room, where the Masses were celebrated, was drawn up with that respect, to the Pope, as usually observed in such cases.

She was detained nearly two hours, waiting for the Masses to begin, but were drawn into a place, where the Masses were celebrated. These were of an interesting nature, but I was most pleased to see, which Miss Allen had once told me was a very little English, but was more vivacious than any of them, which I have seen. She then appeared with great simplicity and grace, though her countenance indicated, that it was not without an effort that she did so. She now perfectly disappeared and happy. If I have tired of pictures, my dear mother, you must give me one of the Masses, and to give me a copy of the Masses, which I have seen, and to give me a copy of the Masses, which I have seen, and to give me a copy of the Masses, which I have seen.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW YORK, MAY, 11, 1811

The Rev. Dr. JOHN H. HOBART, was on Monday elected Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of New York.

**Sanford Elected.**—It appears by the return of the Worcester county, that Mr. Sanford was elected that county with ten majority, gain. More than and is therefore elected a member to the southern district by a majority of 10.

**Gift of Fortune.**—We understand that Loretta Maria, Esq. is the for state holder of the \$10,000, in the Baltimore Lottery, which drew the \$10,000 dollar prize. It was purchased at Wats's Office, Baltimore.

**Fort.**—About one o'clock on Saturday morning, the Battery of Mousa. Vessels of the people, was discovered to be on fire, and before sufficient assistance could be procured, the building was so completely under the control of the devouring element as to render all exertions useless. The building, which nearly the whole of its contents, was burnt to the ground. The fire is supposed to have been communicated by accident. The loss of property was estimated at 17,000 dollars. Mr. J. G. Vasser on Monday morning, being the act of entering one of the alcove, which had been preserved from the flames, was nearly affected by the mephitic air, confined below, that he was taken out apparently dying. He continued in the greatest degree of agony till Tuesday afternoon, when he died. On being drawn a lighted candle into a bureau drawer to that which Mr. Vasser entered, it was found that the blaze extinguished at six inches from the entrance.

Letters from Port-au-Prince mention, that the French had ordered all the French white inhabitants to leave the island, on a suspicion that they were aiding General Rigaud.

## MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

The following unhappy event occurred in Winchendon, April 6. A young man by the name of Wm. Story, being in the employ of Dr. Putnam, of Lanesborough, was sent to convey a young woman who was passenger in the stage from Boston to Winchendon. The carriage was accidentally upset on the turnpike just before their arrival.—The young lady having extricated herself from the carriage, and being unable to obtain any answer to her cries, immediately ran for assistance. It being late, some time elapsed before it could be obtained, when Mr. Story was found dead. Nearly the whole weight of the carriage, from its peculiar situation lay upon his head, which was much compressed. A Jury of Inquest was summoned, whose verdict was that he came to his death by misfortune. He was about 21 years of age. This in the bloom of youth he was called in a sudden and suspected manner from this stage of action—a serious warning to all that consider no age is free from the arrest of death.

MARY, 1811.

London, Feb. 15, 1811.

Yesterday being VALENTINE'S DAY the General Two-Penny Post-Office was under the necessity of employing nearly 100 more carriers, the day before, in order to circulate with expedition, the January Poetry, and emblematic sci sor cut darts and darts, which the love-stricken of both sexes thought fit to send to the respective objects of their passion.—The amount of revenue on that day alone being 1,500*l*. It is calculated that there could not have been less than 500,000 of these inflammatory packets go through the Post Office, within forty-eight miles.

## Receipts for the cure of Cancers.

TAKE a large red onion, roast it well, take pigeon root finely powdered, mix this powder of the root with the onion, which must be well beaten in the proportion of a tea spoon full to one onion; make of this a plaster just large enough to cover the sore. Spread over the plaster a little white perisperm, which may be proportioned to the strength of the patient or to the nature of the cancer. Let this be applied after cutting the skin, (if fact already broke) if really a cancer, this will produce great pain, yet the patient must not be alarmed, but repeat this every twelve hours, until the body of the cancer assumes a purple or black colour.—Two plasters will generally effect this. The next preparation is this—

Take young poke root rasped, one handful; add one spoon full of James town seed powdered, add one spoon full of Bore's Tusk Root (his root ought to be kept soaked in water) beat these well together, the moisture (this compound with the water from which the root is taken, and apply it night and morning. This is for the purpose of drawing out the cancer; care must be taken not to force it out only as the plaster itself effects it—as such an operation would tend to break the small roots before they are entirely killed—if they are not entirely destroyed it may be known in eight or ten days—as inflammation will take place in such case the first preparation may again be used, and continued to be used once in ten days, until all the roots are destroyed—then the poke root plaster will heal the sore.

N. B. Any careful person may perform the cure of cancers by a strict attention to the above directions.

## COURT OF HYMEN

### MARRIED

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev Dr Beach, Tryon Maynard, Esq. to Miss Rachel Van Wageningen daughter of G. H. Van Wageningen, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, at col. Johnsons, Brooklyn Long Island, by the Rev Mr Woodhall, Mr George F Hopkins of this city, to Miss Jane Kemmer, of the former place.

On the same evening, by the Rev Mr Lyell Esq. Philip Hitchens to Miss Ann Donora, daughter to Mr William Donora.

On Monday last, by the Rev Dr Hobart John Wallis Esq. to Miss Mary Ann Grell, both of this city.

On Monday night, by the Rev Mr John Williams Mr Thomas Cook of the firm of Bateswell and Cook to Mrs Sarah Mewitt daughter of Mr John Gouldwell merchant of this city.

On Thursday morning, by the Rev Mr Howe, Mr Wm Ross Esq. of Newburgh, speaker of the house of assembly of this state, to Miss Mary S McLean, daughter of John McLean Esq. of this city.

At Newtown, Long Island, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev Mr Schenck, Mr Ab sham Fulbema, to Miss Cornelia Suydam, daughter of James Suydam Esq. all of that place.

## MORTALITY.

### DIED

On Saturday morning the 11th inst. Miss. Ann Enstadia Honeywell, wife of Philip Honeywell Esq. of Greenbush Westchester County in the 51st year of her age.

In Ireland, Mr. John Kenney: A Dublin paper says, "he came to his death by accidentally breaking his neck but happily received no other damage."

## MISS GIRD,

Having commenced the Millenary Bazaar, No. 124 Broadway, entrance in Cedar-Street, solicits the patronage of the ladies of New York, particularly those who have known her so long at Mr. Toole. She trusts that a strict attention to their orders, and a constant endeavor to please will entitle her to a continuance of their approbation. Miss Gird has on hand, the most fashionable Ribbons, French Flowers, chip and Leghorn Flatts, Caps, Bonnets, Turbans, Hats &c. Two or three young ladies, respectably connected, will be taken as apprentices. 1*l*.

## NEW AND INCREASING

## CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

### CHARLES N. BALDWIN,

Having opened a Circulating Library at No. 2 Chatham Square, adjoining the New Watch-House; solicits the assistance of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, hoping to give general satisfaction by procuring every new work of merit as soon as published.

The collection at present contains near one thousand volumes, in almost every class of literature, which tends "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," and may be had on the following moderate terms.

Per Annum	dols, 5 00
Per Six Months	3 00
Per Quarter	2 00
Per Month	75
Per single volume (octavo)	12 1 2
Per do (duodecimo)	6
Payable half in advance.	

N. B. On the first of May, the Library will be removed to No. 105 Chatham-street, opposite Rosevelt street.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

From the NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

### MARIA.

Heavy spirit! Child of glory  
Give thy painted form to view,  
Place the mist that sails before thee  
With thine eye of melting blue.

Ha! The veil of mist is broken  
Lo! She comes on wings of air,  
And displays the gleamy token  
Shining in her golden hair.

So she looked when glowing beauty  
Ripened on her blooming cheek;  
So, when sorrow claimed her duty,  
Would her eyes of azure speak.

So she looked when heaven's portal  
Opened to her ravished sight,  
So she looked, when strains immortal  
Hymned her to the realms of light.

Hark the trembling harp of Heaven  
Breathes in numbers soft and wild—  
Yea by her the strain is given,  
Holy Marvin's sainted child!

Such the strains of melancholy  
When the day began to fade  
Such the strains so soft and holy,  
Once in Marvin's hall she played.

Once through Marvin's shady bowers,  
Must a light the moment bid,  
Thornless than the sweetest flowers,  
Pillowed Marvin's aged head.

But no more the melting numbers  
Float the breezy winds she gave;  
Waked no more from airy slumbers,  
Angels swell the choral song.

Dim the hope of fancy borrows  
Dim is the joy that fortune gave  
Marvin's daughter smothered his sorrow,  
Now she sleeps in yonder grave.

Yes his sweet and only blossom,  
Richly ripening into bloom,  
Ties the pride of Marvin's bosom,  
Slumbers in the silent tomb.

### REPLY TO AN AGED SUITOR.

Why thus, press me to compliance?  
Why oblige me to refusal?  
Yet though I shrink from your alliance,  
Perhaps a younger I may choose,  
For 'tis a state I'll never disavow,  
Nor will I war against it wage—  
I do not object to marriage,  
I but object to MARRY AGE.

### WELCOME AT AN INN.

The following lines from Shenstone are often scribbled on inn windows.

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
Must sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

The following parody is written beneath the above lines at an Inn in the west:

Who'er has travelled much about,  
Must very often sigh to think,  
That every inn will turn him out,  
Unless he's plenty of the chink.

## CHEAP SHOP STORE



At No. 91 Broadway,

Opposite Trinity Church

The following assortment of Ladies Shoes, selling off at the most reduced prices:  
A large and elegant supply of the new fashioned Shoes to buckle, double and single soles.  
Lace-up Low-cut dress slips to buckle the latest fashion from Europe.  
Greek sandals and all the different kinds of Lace Shoes now worn.  
Slip Boots and Lace Boots.  
Misses and Childrens shoes of all the above fashions being all made of the best materials and the latest improvements.

### MATERIALS

Kid and Morocco dress and undress, satin, silks velvet, jane, shammy, nankeen, &c of all the most favorite colours now worn in Europe and America.  
A large and elegant assortment of the newest fashioned silver and plated buckles of the most fashionable patterns, sold lower than they can now be imported.

A constant supply of the above articles may be had by applying at the above number.

HIRAM GARDNER

### TAKE NOTICE

It will be well worth the attention of the ladies of this city, and elsewhere, to apply as above, not only on account of the cheapness but the superior quality of the materials with which the articles are manufactured.

March 30

1155-1f

## EDWARD ROCKWELL.

No. 200 Broadway,

Respectfully informs his friends and customers that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver rings, some plain, fine gold pearls and ring to some with corals and pearls, topaz and pearl with rubies, diamonds, and other stones. He has also fashionably plated silver good quality edge candlesticks and branches, brackets and chandeliers, pearl and plain finger rings, miniature settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals, elegant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table deserts and tea spoons, sugar tongs, salt spoons, silver snuff boxes, rattles, corns and bells, and pencil cases.

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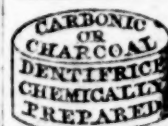
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